



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

VOL. VIII. [IV. NEW SERIES.] HUDSON, N. Y. JUNE 4, 1831.

NO. 1.

POPULAR TALES.

FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

In publishing this interesting tale we suppress the introductory epistle, as containing nothing either essential to the story or amusing to the reader. We will just premise that Putnam Bunker, Jr. Lt. commanding Fort Braddock, at a period long subsequent to the era of the transactions recorded in the narrative, writes to his friend that while clearing the rubbish from a ruinous ditch belonging to the ancient works, where the parapet was lowest, his sergeant struck with his spade something that sounded hollow. It was a trunk, which contained a few articles of little value and a collection of papers, letters &c. Several from men of whom he had heard and read; and among others a pretty connected account of events, in which the Lieutenant says he felt an interest because they had related to persons, many of whom, in other circumstances, had been on the spot where he then was. He further states that his leisure gave him an opportunity of writing it off, with the addition of some hints contained in the letters, and with a few slight alterations in the order of the narrative though not in the events. The result of his labours is contained in the following numbers:—

THE BRADDOCK MANUSCRIPT.

‘And what is friendship but a name.’

More than a century ago, in the evening of a day in September, three students in the college which was then at Saybrook, and which is now known at New Haven by the name of Yale College, were seated in a room, in the only building which that institution had then to boast of. Something like a commencement was at hand, and these young men had parts to perform at the approaching public exhibition, when they were to receive the honours of that infant seminary. The Rev. Mr. Davenport with his cap and band, had already arrived in town; The Rector Williams was expected from Wethersfield, in the first boat down the Connecticut river; the Rev. Mr. Saltonstall, the clergyman at New-London, afterwards the ambassador to the Dutch settlement at Manhattan, now New-York, and shortly after the governor of this colony, was expected to accompany his excellency governor Winthrop from New-London; and most of the clergy from the churches then gathered, it was thought would attend. The word *splendid* is a relative

term—it was used by our ancestors, and was good English as long ago as the time of Richard the Lion hearted. They expected a *splendid* commencement at Saybrook. The native stock of female beauty, for which that town even to the present day is famous, was to be increased on the occasion by the great grandmother’s of the present generation, then in the bloom of youth, who came, some on foot and some in canoes, from the shore of the river. The more highborn and wealthy came on horseback, and generally rode double; They were dressed in cloth of their own manufacture, made up by themselves in the fashion of the day, with long waists, short sleeves, &c. their stockings were blue, and their shoes were not morocco. Yet the manuscript speaks of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, smiling lips, pearly teeth, and all the witchery of female charms. This sad taste on the part of the writer, considering the unimproved state of the female costume, can only be accounted for by the fact that these classic beaux themselves wore (except on public days) checked shirts and butternut coloured coats, with long backs, full skirts and large pewter buttons. It is even said that in those days of simplicity, one of the lay members of the corporation rode with beetle rings in the place of stirrups.

At the meeting I have mentioned, this display was in expectancy. The conversation of those young men related in part to the several subjects on which they had written, and in part to their approaching separation, and the course of life they would pursue. They read to each other their several compositions. One of them by the name of Dudley, from the vicinity of Boston, whom his parents had always intended for a military man, and who was soon to enter into the small but active naval service of the times, had prepared an oration in Greek upon civilizing the Indians. Another whose name was Van Tromp, whose Dutch parents had owned the very spot where Fort Braddock now stands, and had lived in its vicinity, had written a piece of pastoral poetry on the pleasures of retirement; which as he was quite homesick for this charming retreat, was said to be very

feeling. His parents were dead, and he was to return with a considerable property and much family influence to his large but wild estate, which was then known for many a mile by the Dutch name of Hardzscoggin. At the early age of twenty he was to be master of his own conduct—and with ample means for the times, was to be the head man among servants and dependants, and the new settlers in his neighbourhood.

The remaining member of the trio, was a reserved youth who had formed no intimacy during his stay at college, but with these two companions. He had never until now spoken of his origin or his prospects; his name was Du Quesne. He made on this occasion rather a melancholy disclosure to his companions, that he knew little or nothing of his parentage; that he had been constantly supplied by a gentleman in New-York, with a quarterly payment of money, which was remitted from France by some unknown hand, accompanied by letters not signed, which directed the plan of his education. He was to return to New-York and attempt the study of the law. He had always been better dressed than the other students, and wore by express direction, one of the most rare and extravagant ornaments of the day—a large gold watch, of curious workmanship. Great care had been taken to supply him with additional books, and private instructions upon several branches of science not professedly taught in the college. A turn of mind rather melancholy, inclined him to study and made him a scholar. He not only learned the dead languages, which were then better understood than at present, but he spoke French, and had a good acquaintance with polite literature. He read in his turn a little essay which he proposed to speak, on the uncertainty of fortune, and the vicissitudes of human life; some of which it afterwards appeared he was doomed to experience. The unsettled state of this new country, and their approaching separation for a distance of time and space which they could not determine, was then the topic of conversation; they spoke of their pilgrimage as lonely, and dwelt with the enthusiasm of young men upon the great benefits that might result from union and mutual assistance. They seemed each to feel the want of support and expressed their confidence in each other; this ended before their separation for the night in solemn pledges for future friendship, which they engaged should be of so serious and practical a kind, that if any one of them should at any time in their lives be involved in difficulty, or need assistance, the others should immediately, on notice, be bound to render it, at the expense of every hazard whether of person or property. Upon the strength of this compact they departed in better spirits.

It is said that the commencement was celebrated with more parade than was even expected—for in addition to the dignitaries of church and state, whose attendance was as punctual

as usual, the celebrated Capt. Mason on his return from an Indian victory, on his way to Stonington, stopped at the town and honoured the company with his presence. It is of this very occasion, that he speaks in a manuscript account of his campaign, which is still extant, in which he commends the good conduct of Lt. Gardinier, who commanded the garrison on the platform, where, to use his own language, he was 'formerly received and nobly entertained with many great guns.'

NO. II.

'Ah who can tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar.'

The scholars were dismissed from Saybrook and each betook himself to his home and entered upon the course of life which his friends or his fortune had prescribed for him. Du Quesne, with whom we must at present continue, repaired to New-York, where upon his being admitted to the bar, as in due time he was, his mysterious supply of money was withheld, and he was left without relatives or connexions to make the usual slow and uncertain progress in the business of his profession.—He was of a temperament much too sensitive for his own comfort, in a calling, which at that time at any rate, however it may be at present, exposed him to personal altercation, contradiction, and that sharp and harsh collision which tries and strengthens the passions of the heart, at least as much as it does the faculties of the mind.

He had a natural and easy eloquence, and more taste and learning than most of his associates. His attention to his business was strict, but it was forced, and his occasional success embittered his enemies more than it conciliated his friends. He even conceited at times, that the courts before which he practised, had their favorites, and that he was not in the number. Sometimes neglected, always opposed, and often mortified, he yet patiently persevered—though he soon found himself the object of personal enmity, and was convinced of attempts to defeat his progress. He resolved to exert his industry to acquire the means of support in some place in the new settlements, as remote as was consistent with personal security, where land was cheap, and where independence might be easily purchased. This vision of comfort he cherished in secret, and resorted to it in his day dreams as his standing consolation. But his enemies were too active, and shortened the period which was necessary to his success. Some bills and papers relating to claims in a suit to a large amount, and which were entrusted to him, were missing, as he found when he was preparing his cases. He searched in vain—his anxiety amounted to distress. He feared to ask for an accommodation, for it was attended with the risk of disclosure. Those who had artfully accomplished their object, by involving him in this embarrassment, were little likely to show him favor. There was no alternative—

after weeks of agony the term began, the suits were defeated—he was personally liable for the loss, and industriously exposed to censure. His employers were advised to their remedy against him, and the least of his troubles was the constant expectation of being arrested.

One morning very early, with an agitated mind he crossed the river to the Jersey shore, for the sake of relieving or indulging his melancholy, and having to himself a few moments of solitude and security. There was a retired spot at no great distance from the shore sheltered by trees, and surrounded by rural beauty, which seemed to invite the solitary, and offer its quiet scenery to sooth the angry passions, and imperceptibly to substitute feelings of a softer kind. And yet this is the very spot which from that day to this has been the battle ground of wounded honor.—How often has it witnessed the worst of passions, and how rich has been the blood that has at times been shed there! To this spot he was unconsciously approaching, when he was roused by the near report of fire arms. He quickened his pace in the direction of the noise, and on coming to a natural lawn among the trees, discovered a man apparently wounded and just fallen. Three others were hastening through the thicket and evidently bent on a hasty escape. The nature of this transaction was evident. He called upon the fugitives in vain—he followed them some distance, till they were out of his sight, and returned when he found there was no hope of assistance, towards the wounded man. He stopped in his way only to take up a pistol which lay on the ground about ten paces distant from the object of his attention. On reaching the wounded man, what was his astonishment to find his own most bitter enemy and rival lay speechless and dying. He looked up with an expression unutterable, when he saw who it was that came to his assistance, made a violent attempt to speak, gasped and died. At this moment Du Quesne was stooping to raise the body already lifeless, when several men who had been alarmed by the same noise which drew him to the place, rushed hastily upon him and as he began artlessly to ask them for help, secured him as their prisoner, and charged him with the murder.

His surprise made his answers incoherent, and his agitation to their eyes was evidence of his guilt. In this state of mind he was reconveyed to the city, taken before a magistrate and charged with the fact. On the examination, it appeared that the pistol found in his possession, had been recently discharged, the lock was sprung, and the smell and marks of newly burnt powder were strong about it. A surgeon had extracted a ball from the dead man, which exactly corresponded with the calibre of the pistol. It was likewise in proof that there had been a bitter enmity between the deceased and the accused.

‘You are a lawyer, Mr. Du Quesne,’ said the magistrate, ‘and know that you can answer

or not to the charge. What say you, is there any reason why you should not be fully committed for trial? ‘The offence is not bailable you know.’—‘And if it was,’ said Du Quesne ‘I have no bail.’ ‘Do you choose,’ continued the magistrate, ‘to attempt any defence or explanation? it will be evidence against you, you know, and not in your favour. But you are agitated—take a moment’s time.’

This moment’s time helped a little to compose the prisoner’s spirits. He cast his eye around a room filled with boys and men black and white, ragged, dirty and vulgar. It occurred to him how absurd it was, in the presence of such an audience, to say to a Dutch Justice, that his morning walk was one of sentiment, and that the scenery and silence operated upon the workings of his mind to cross the river.

He contented himself with a simple declaration of his innocence, which he knew the Justice did not believe, and mustering his self-possession, said, that he was without evidence and without *friends*. He uttered this last word with a voice, and in a manner that would have out-done the best of actors. A tear slid upon his long and drooping eyelash, and fell upon the floor; it was succeeded by another—his face was fixed and the last word *friends*, had recalled to his mind some strong recollections.

The Justice was looking fully at him, and felt for his distress. He had no great opinion of the deceased, and as far as morals were concerned, could excuse the man who met his adversary in an honorable way. He went up to him, and led him to the further corner of the room.

‘My worthy friend, (said he,) confess the whole; I’ll help you if I can—he was a good for nothing fellow, and I have no doubt, was fairly killed;—come tell me what you’ve got to say!’

‘Mr. Van Erp,’ said the prisoner, ‘upon my soul’s safety I am not guilty.’

‘Oh I know that,’ said the justice, ‘it is no great crime in a fair way to dispose of such a fellow, especially in your case—but don’t deny the fact; you may confide.’

‘Yes, I do confide, when I tell you that I did not do it.’

‘What,’ said the justice ‘not shoot him?’

‘No, I did not.’

‘Be it so,’ said the Justice, incredulously shaking his head, ‘you are a lawyer, and have heard the evidence; you know I must commit you: delay is useless.’ The Squire, as he was termed, made out the mittimus himself, (for in this country the magistrates have no clerks,) and Du Quesne was followed to the gaol by the rabble that had attended his trial.—The gaol then stood on the East River, near the centre of that busy spot, where there now are so many slips and grocers—where the streets are so dirty and the passing so difficult. The building itself was made partly of stone and partly of logs; and the gaol-house, in which the keeper and

his family lived, was part of the building. The gaoler too, was a man of some distinction; and, by virtue of his office, was a member of the city corporation. In one of the cells of this establishment was our high minded and aspiring friend locked up, and left to his meditations. It was sometime before he could regain his self-possession, and his busy thoughts then suggested to him the certainty of his fate, the shortness of the interval, and the agonizing reflections by which that interval must be marked. The gallows would be the last object before his closing eyes at night, and the first thought which the mild beam of morning would bring along with it. His very slumbers were disturbed with dreams—dreams of the throng of faces which would surround the place of his execution, vacant, vulgar, and unfeeling—dreams of the cart, the hangman and the coffin on which he should sit, and of the awful dialogue with his ghostly confessor, about his future state—the dread memento of the sheriff, ‘you have but half an hour to live,’ and the grave ready dug at the foot of the scaffold. These dreams would awake him only to the consciousness that it was all true! When awake, he meditated on his hopes of acquittal.—The law on duelling was very severe, and the common law called it murder. The statute, however, in those sad times, unlike these of modern and more impartial days, was unequally administered. Some who had friends could transgress with impunity, while others were left to the rigor of the law. It was easy for the Judge to show that the law was plain and that conviction was inevitable. It was equally satisfactory to hear him put analagous cases and show that the man, who on sudden provocation, would be guilty only of manslaughter, if he should exercise a noble forbearance and give his adversary a chance for his life, would commit a crime still less when he killed his man in a fair and honorable duel.

But our friendless prisoner was well aware that very little ingenuity from the bench, would be exercised in his favor.—The most impartial direction would be, that the law should take its course.

Nearly five years had elapsed since his residence at Saybrook. To this last peaceful period of his life, his thoughts naturally recurred, and dwelt on the only friendship with which his days had been sweetened. Dudley was probably on the ocean, and would hear of his misfortunes only to bewail his death.

He knew well where Van Tromp lived, but could not see how he could assist.—Yet his presence, his influence and perhaps his counsel might relieve if not avert his sufferings. There was at that time a regular communication kept up between the Dutch settlement at New-Amsterdam and the French Posts on the Canada line by the way of the North River and Lake Champlain. To be sure, as the residence of Van Tromp was out of the way and the country wild, the arrival of a letter was uncertain. Yet as he had nothing else to do, he determined

if only to feed his hopes, to write letter after letter by every return of the carrier and by every opportunity of sending to that vicinity.

His letters were nearly of the same tenor, all conversant about the same thing. The only one preserved is the following.

GAOL AT NEW AMSTERDAM.—

My Dear and only Friend,

I am here confined as a criminal, on a capital charge, and am to be tried in about ten months, with no hope of being acquitted. To you it is not necessary that I should go into detail; I know your confidence in me to be such, that you will believe me when I say, that I am perfectly innocent; for I would not call you to the rescue of the guilty. My only solace now is, that I can disclose my every thought to you, that I can repose on your friendship with perfect security, and rely on your exertions as fully as on my own. My thoughts are too distracted to devise any mode of assistance; I leave that to you.—Yet use your influence, and though it may all be in vain, let me, if possible, see you once more.

CARLOS DU QUESNE.

(To be Continued.)

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

‘A letter from my father!’ exclaimed the beautiful Grace Acton, as she languidly raised her fine eyes, at the entrance of a servant; ‘but what is this?’ as she, at the same moment, received a small paper.

‘Oh that, ma’am, Mrs. Means’ little boy just gave me, and said his mother told him to be sure you had it before he came home.’

‘Tell him, just now I am engaged, but he may call this afternoon, to-morrow, any other time but now;’ and she hastened to open her father’s letter. The expressions of regret for prolonged absence, the detailed causes of it, and the kind admonitions it contained, were quickly passed over, till, just at its conclusion, Grace read with interest the few following lines: ‘for the first time, for many years, I am from home on New Year’s morning, and cannot consult your taste in the selection of your New Year’s gift; purchase with the enclosed what pleases you best; but, my dear child, remember that on this day we should endeavour to make others happy, while so profuse in the expression of our good wishes. I send you, too, what may answer the claims of charity, as well as the demands of justice? I need not repeat to you, that we have no right to indulge our own wishes, while we withhold what is due to others; a mere competence is all I possess, but I have ever lived in conformity with these principles; I would have my child to do the same.’

‘Now,’ thought Grace, ‘the pearl necklace shall be mine; and this evening too, the very time I would have chosen, for Mrs. W.’s ball—how fortunate! and my father leaves it to my own choice too; but—and Mrs. Means’ bill, her father’s counsel, flashed across her mind, ‘yet, after all, what can those people want money so much for? they can wait a little longer; next week I will—yes, next week; and it can make no great difference,’ said the

child of indulgence, as she balanced the gratification of her own vanity, with the comfort, perhaps the very existence of others. At this moment visitors were announced, and disturbed not the golden, but pearly visions of the young beauty. Nothing was talked of but the expected ball, the splendid preparations which had been made and the strangers who were to be present; 'and, be sure to look your prettiest,' said one of the ladies, 'for we are this evening, to see Mr. Eustis, the young traveller; rich, admired, with all the polish of foreign manners; in short, a very elegant young man.' 'One, I assure you, that will turn the heads of all our young ladies, and disappoint the hopes of some of our plodding merchants and calculating lawyers—*every day sort of people*, as they are?' said an elderly lady, as she gave Grace a very significant look. 'At least,' said her auditor, haughtily, 'there is one who will make no efforts to please him.' What apparently trivial circumstances sometimes determine our situations and characters for years, nay, even for life; if any thing can be trivial which influences the moral feelings, and shades the character. The admired and flattered Grace was too hackneyed in the ways of the world, to allow it for a moment to be thought that any attention, or any homage could be viewed as other than the usual incense to her charms; but she secretly resolved that evening to surpass herself—resolved that not only the pearl necklace, but every thing else which could enhance her beauty (at least every thing within the compass of her power) should be hers. The long expected evening at length arrived; the evening which was to realize or disappoint so many hopes of pleasure; and Grace gave a satisfied glance at her mirror, as she fastened the beautiful ornament around her neck; and perhaps her satisfaction was increased, while she contrasted her own dress and figure with those of her pale but interesting cousin, whose simple white attire and retiring air, Grace thought just fit to pass unnoticed in a crowd. While the conscious beauty was thus anticipating the triumphs of vanity, the door of her apartment suddenly opened, and her maid, followed by the poor woman whose application in the morning had been so cruelly evaded, entered. Her thin and wasted form, her threadbare clothing, contrasted as they were with the comforts and elegancies of the apartment, and the splendid attire of its mistress, told a tale of suffering; it whispered of the heart-broken wife and wretched mother; and when she spoke of her dying husband, of her children, who, with all their little efforts, could scarcely obtain a scanty subsistence, while their wretched parent was dying without those comforts which his sickly appetite and suffering state required:—while she told of those, and appealed at least to the justice, if not to the charity of Miss Acton, for what she had so long withheld, reminded her of the many hours she had stolen from sleep, to complete various kinds of fine work for her;

even then the mind of her auditor was unmoved by distress, of the existence of which she could form no idea, and telling her it was then quite impossible, but next week she would positively see her, she stepped into the carriage, which was waiting at the door. The lights, the company, the music, and still more, the admiring glances which awaited her, soon banished from her mind all remembrance of the late scene; and when told that she was the evident object of attraction to the elegant Eustis, she was at the very acme of her wishes: while a thousand visions of future splendor floated before her in brilliant perspective.

Edward Eustis, to the advantages of person and situation, united the highest sentiments of honour, an excellent heart, and a strong sense of the responsibility attendant upon wealth. He had returned, after an absence of three years, to New-York, his native city, and which was to be his future residence.—Forming, as he had done, even romantic ideas of domestic happiness, he resolved, before he married, to study well the character of the woman, on whom, not only so much of his future happiness, but even moral excellence, must depend.

On the evening of Mrs. W.'s ball, he was certainly charmed with the uncommon loveliness of Miss Acton's face, as well as the polished ease and elegance of her manners; and day after day, week after week, he found himself in her society; her beauty had thrown a spell around him, and while he flattered himself that he still retained the power of impartial judgment, every action was viewed through the medium most favourable to her wishes. Every body, that is, every body in the fashionable world, the ton, had decided that it was quite the thing; and even to the envious and disappointed acknowledged they were just fitted for each other. They knew about as much of the fitness and propriety of the matter as the world usually does, when it decides upon our character and intentions, and seeing only what meets the eye, constitutes itself a correct judge of the thousand nameless thoughts and motives which lie deep in the recesses of the heart.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TRAVELLER.

THE THUNDERING SPRING.

In a deep glen, in the northwest corner of Upson county, is a curious fountain, popularly known as the *Thundering Spring*. The basin of the spring is about ten feet over, perfectly round, with bright shining zones around it, resembling gold and silver belts, caused by the deposit of fine yellow sand and isinglass. Though the sand boils up with considerable vehemence, the surface of the water, is perfectly smooth and transparent, and runs off so gently that its current is scarcely perceptible, and many suppose that the water sinks as fast, as it rises. The transparency of the water extends about six inches.—Below that depth,

it appears like boiling sand. The water is nearly blood warm, and has a slight sulphurous taste and smell. The ebullition is so strong, that it is said to be impossible for a person to sink in this spring.—Bathing here is said to be a certain cure for rheumatism and many cutaneous affections. The boiling is irregular, some times being scarcely perceptible, at other times strong and violent. The most remarkable feature however about this singular spring, is a low rumbling noise, heard at short intervals, resembling distant thunder or the low mutterings of the tempest.

This spring was held in much veneration by the Indians, who imagined it the laboratory of thunder and storms, and they had an idea, that by agitating the water, they could cause it to thunder and rain! Nearly on the top of the hill over the fountain, is a deep sink or pit, which they say was the former situation of the spring, and that the Thunder spirit removed it down to the valley to hide it from the whites.—*Macon, Geo. Telegraph.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIR WALTER RALIEGH.

He was a man of admirable parts, extensive knowledge, undaunted resolution, and strict honour and honesty.

He was executed in Old Palace Yard in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His behaviour on the scaffold was manly, unaffected, and even cheerful. Being asked by the executioner which way he would lay his head, he answered: So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.

In his letter to his son, he says, 'My son, let my experienced advice, and fatherly instructions, sink deep into thy heart.—Seek not riches basely, nor attain them by evil means. Use thy poor neighbours and tenants well. Have compassion on the poor and afflicted, and God will bless thee for it.'

'Now, for the world, dear child, I know it too well to persuade thee to dive into the practices of it: rather stand upon thy guard against all those that tempt thee to it, or may practice upon thee, whether in thy conscience, thy reputation, or thy estate. Be assured, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest.'

The Edinburgh Scotsman notes it as a beautiful trait in the history of the American government, that it 'has never shed a drop of blood, nor banished a single individual for state crimes.' This is just, and the circumstance is peculiar, and redounds to the credit of the Republican system. The situation and feeling of the American people, at the time they made their easy, natural transition to that system, were eminently favorable to future and permanent unanimity. There is no government other than ours, perfectly adapted to the interests, habits and sentiments of the universal nation; under every other, there is a strong minority

at least disadvantaged and disaffected; the rulers are obliged from self-preservation to resort to the severest penalties against treason or sedition.—*Nat. Gaz.*

Curtailling Whiskers.—Tom Hobbs one day met a friend who was remarkable for his huge fiery whiskers, a portion of which had just been taken off.

'Well, Tom,' said he of the whiskers, 'don't you see a change in my looks?'

'No, I don't,' said Tom, 'where's the change?'

'Why, don't you see,' said his friend, 'I have been *cur-tailing* my whiskers?'

'Well, I didn't notice it,' said Tom, 'I always thought you had *dog's* hair enough about your whiskers:—*Red Rover.*

A negro was bragging to a minister of the amount which he had gained during the past year by the use of his fiddle, and asked him if it was not nearly equal to his salary. The parson said that it was. 'Well,' says Sambo, 'I spose dat I suit de people good deal better.'

A wonderful capacity.—A storekeeper, rather remarkable for the care he took of *number one*, was once boasting in the presence of a customer, 'that he could secure a quarter of a pound of tea in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the seven states.' 'Yes,' said Zedekiah Dry-as-dust, who chanced to hear the conversation, 'and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any other man, that I ever see, any way.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1831.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

We present our subscribers with a view of the City of Hudson, taken from the West side of the river, in a direct line from the South point of the flats, in the centre of the river. Those flats extend about four miles, dividing the river into two deep channels. Across the flats is a dug way for the ferry boat to pass. The city is principally, built on a hill which extends from the river, in a direction inclining several points to the East of South. On the West end of the city is a high Promontory rising almost perpendicularly, upwards of one hundred feet, from high water mark. On the North and South of this promontory are two large and beautiful bays, which at high water (that usually covers the flats also) gives to the Hudson River a most noble and grand appearance, extending to the width of two miles, in one uninterrupted sheet of water. From the Round House, on the most elevated point of the Promontory, the Main, or Warren Street extends in a straight line. This street is more than seven furlongs in length, and is sixty feet wide, on which are many elegant buildings. Midway of the street are the Court-House and Jail, on opposite sides, facing each other.—In the city are six houses for public worship. One for Episcopalians, one for Presbyterians, one for Universalists, one for Baptists, one for Methodists and one for Quakers or Friends. There is also a Bank, an Asylum for Insane persons, under the care of Dr. Samuel White, an Academy, a Lancaster School, Four Printing Offices, from which are issued three weekly and one Semi-Monthly papers and an extensive Air Furnace in which is cast every species of Machinery. In this city is also

earned on the Carriage Making in all its branches, and the manufacture of furniture of every description. The population of Hudson is 5392.

Few places, in this quarter of the world, furnish a greater variety of extensive and beautiful prospects, of the surrounding country, than Hudson. From one site you have a view of the lofty summits of the Catskill Mountains stretching far to the West, diminishing in size until lost in the vast distance beyond the power of sight. From another position you behold the majestic Hudson descending, through its various windings from the North, covered with innumerable vessels of various descriptions, whose white sails spread to the breeze, present a spectacle animating and delightful as the vessels pass and repass each other; while morning and evening you catch a glimpse of the swift Steam Boat as the curling columns of smoke issue from her fire pipes. From Prospect Hill, on the Eastern extremity of the city, after tracing the River for many miles, and scanning the long extended ridges of the Catskill Mountains, turning round to the South, East and North, we behold an extensive range of country delightfully interspersed with Hills and Dales, Forests, Orchards, Fruitful Fields and innumerable Villages, until the blue expanse of Heaven, resting upon the Mountains that lay between the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New-York, stretching their proud eminences into Vermont, closes the scene from the ken of the most piercing eye.

Hudson was first settled by enterprising men of property belonging to Rhode Island and Nantucket, of the names of Jenkins, Paddock, Barnard, Coffin, Thurston, Greene, Minturn, Lawrence, &c. About twenty of those gentlemen in the early part of 1783 set out in company, to find some navigable situation on which to commence a new settlement. They sailed up the Hudson, and purchased the ground on which this city now stands. In the fall of 1783 two families arrived and commenced a settlement. In the spring of 1784 the other proprietors arrived bringing with them several vessels, and the city went on rapidly. The proprietors were soon joined by emigrants from the Eastward, and in 1785 Mr. Ashbel Stoddard removed from Connecticut, established a Printing Office and issued a weekly paper called the 'Hudson Gazette.' Ship building was immediately commenced and a number of fine vessels were constructed by Mr. Cheeney and others. In 1785 and 1786 the number of Vessels owned in this city was about twenty-five carrying upwards of 2500 tons, being more, than was owned at that time, in the city of New-York. Those vessels were mostly employed in the West India trade: a few were engaged in the Whale and Seal Fishery, which was carried on with considerable success, and Hudson, rapidly increased both in wealth and population. During the revolutionary struggle in France, and the long protracted war in Europe, such was the demand for neutral vessels, and such the high prices of freight, that the vessels owned here, were engaged in the carrying trade. This trade was not long enjoyed, for British Orders in Council; and French Decrees swept many of the vessels from their owners. Other losses followed by shipwreck; and the Embargo, Non-intercourse and War which succeeded, gave the finishing stroke to the prosperity of Hudson. This city was a port of entry until 1815 when commerce ceased to exist, our vessels having passed into other hands. The immense losses at sea produced much embarrassment and many failures; which, with the breaking of the Hudson Bank, produced great jealousy among the neighboring Farmers who had suffered loss; in consequence of which, Hudson has been for several years in the shade, destitute of that trade necessary for its prosperity and growth in population.

At the close of the war in 1815 attempts were made to establish Woollen Manufactories without success, and the failure of the Bank of Columbia in this city, heightened the distresses of the trading classes of community.

Hudson is now rising like the Phoenix from its ashes. A Tow Boat Company has been formed for the purpose of carrying the produce of the country to New-York,

and Merchandize from thence to this city and country. The Company own a powerful Steam Boat and two Barges of three hundred tons each, fitted up in good style for passengers as well as for freight. These Boats alternately leave Hudson and New-York once a week, and perform the distance of 130 miles in 14 hours. A company has been formed to carry on the Whale Fishery. They, have, already, four fine ships carrying 1400 tons, one of which has made a successful voyage returning in ten months with 2200 barrels of oil and 16000 lbs of whale bone.

There is also owned in this city nine Sloops and three Scows, carrying from forty to one hundred tons each, that trade regularly to New-York and Albany.

Under present circumstances the hope is entertained that Hudson will again flourish as in its infant days, and that the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, and the healthfulness of its climate, will invite the attention of the tourist in his journey to visit the medicinal Springs of Ballstown and Saratoga, or the stupendous Cataract of Niagara, and incline him to rest himself, for a few days on the delightful Banks of the Hudson and breathe the pure air of our city.

Travellers, who are desirous of visiting the justly celebrated Springs of New-Lebanon, and taking a view of the neat, luxuriant farms and gardens of the Shakers in that vicinity, will always find at their command, good coaches, excellent horses, and skilful drivers, at the Hotel of Samuel Bryan, whose strict attention to the wants, comfort and convenience of his visitors, has obtained for his house the emphatic title of the TRAVELLERS HOME.

The Album, or Panacea for Ennui.—This is the title of a new periodical published at Fitchburg, Mass. by J. Page. It is to be issued monthly, neatly stitched in a printed cover, at the low price of One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, on One Dollar Fifty Cents if not paid within two months from the time of subscribing. Of its contents, we have only room to say, that the original articles in the two numbers already put forth are respectable and the selections very good.—We wish it success.

SUMMARY.

Mrs. Opie.—This distinguished female is at present residing at Paris, and is engaged in composing a work on the state of society at that metropolis.

Cheap Travelling.—The proprietors of the steam-boat James Kent advertise to take passengers from New-York to Hartford, for one dollar each.

The Groton Monument, erected in memory of the storming of Fort Griswold, Conn. has been completed. It stands on the top of the hill near the old Fort, opposite New-London, 130 feet above tide water. The inscription is commemorative of the massacre of the brave men, on the 6th September, 1781, by the British, under the traitor Arnold.

The Boston papers announce, on the authority of their English journals, the death of 'Louis Bonaparte, at Forli, on the seventeenth of March.'

The Dutchman's Fireside is the title of the forthcoming novel of J. K. Paulding, Esq.

An honest son of Erin in Portland, is said to have remarked that the times were better since Gen. Jackson's Presidency, because you can now have six pence for a dollar!

There is a report, says the Cherokee Phoenix, to which we are inclined to give credit, that the president of the United States and his Secretary of War, intend to visit this nation sometime in the course of the ensuing summer.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Charles G. Snow, of Providence, (R. I.) to Miss Abby Taylor, of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the same, George Brezee to Miss Charity Clark.

In Claverack on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Shyster, Mr. Henry H. Brown, merchant, of New-Canaan, Columbia co. to Miss Dorothy Whitbeck, of Claverack.

At the same place, on the 25th ult. by the same Rev. gentleman, Richard Cooper, Esq. Attorney at Law, of Cooperstown, to Miss Mary Storrs, daughter of the late Amariah Storrs, of this city.

At Ghent, on the 9th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Wynkoop, Mr. William F. Jones, of Albany, to Miss Hannah A. Peterson, of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Truesdale, Mr. Levi Vosburgh, to Miss Catharine Patterson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Hannah Davis, in the 81st year of her age, widow of the late Jacob Davis.

In Stockbridge, Mass. on the 31st of July, 1822, Mr. Abel Curtis, in his 62nd year.

On the 30th of April last, Mrs. Sarah Curtis, aged 72 years, widow of Mr. Abel Curtis.



POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

TO C.

Lady could Earthly prayers avail,
The destinies of Life to sway,
Gay were the bark, and bland the gale
That bore thee on Life's voyage away.
There is an influence all must feel,
A charm that bids the spirit bow,
'Tis Goodness' stamp 'tis Virtue's seal,
'Tis Heaven's mild impress on the brow.
Gifted, wherever seen, to reign,
As by a soft and secret spell
Yet make us weep to break the chain,
And Sorrow o'er the last farewell.
The last farewell! I speak the word,
But echo will not catch the tone;
And Hope's sweet whispering voice is heard,
To breathe of Fancies all her own.
Yet go, where home and kindred ties
Have reared Affection's hallowed shrine;
Where scenes of early Friendship rise,
When Youthful grief or Joy was thine.
Enough for me, if when perchance
Remembrance of the past revive,
These should arrest the favouring glance
And with the strain the author live.
Then let this heart be cold and dead,
This form in mouldering dust reclined
That present thought shall serve to shed,
A gleam of triumph thro' my mind.
And tho' in dull Oblivion's shade
My name unknown, unheard should be
Yet would I deem the loss repaid,
If it might kindly dwell with thee.
Farewell!—the warmest, fondest prayer,
That pure affection's breast can swell,
Is only this;—'all that you are
May Heaven preserve you still' farewell!

CLARIAN.

From the Boston Ladies' Magazine.

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My Boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string;
Of my full heart a quivering;
For, ah! I think, what chart can show,
The ways through which this foot may go?
Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in the garden, round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills—
Bathe in the dews of distant hills—
Roam o'er the vales, and venture out,
When riper years would pause and doubt,
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.
But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways this foot may seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck?
To, helpless, slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,

Until the bosom, now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow?
Or is it for the battle's plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain—
Till there its final step be taken?
There, sleep thine eye, no more to waken?
Is it to glory, or to shame—
To sully, or to gild thy name—
Is it to happiness or woe,
This little foot is made to go?

But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in cottage, or in hall!
O, may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot hath not been found,
Who on his path below hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon his earthly steps; and none
E'er dash the foot against the stone!
Yet if thy way is marked by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate,—
If thou must float, by vice and crime,
A wreck, upon the stream of time,
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot, in lightsome play,
Would bound with guiltless, infant glee
Upon the sod that shelters me.

H. F. G.

SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Quench not the light that soon must fade,
Nor damp the fire that soon must die,
Nor let to-morrow's ills invade
The hour to-day devotes to joy.
Ah! who with music's softest swell
Would mingle sorrow's piercing moan?
Or to the bounding spirit tell
How soon the charm of life is flown?
Say is the rose's scent less sweet
Because its bloom must soon decay?
Or shall we shut the bliss to meet
That cannot here forever stay?
No—by the Power that bliss who gave,
This hour we'll from the future borrow,
And, all that fate allows us save
From the dread shipwreck of to-morrow.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Glove.

PUZZLE II.—Charles.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

A term oft applied to much care,
Much sorrow, much trouble, or grief;
Yet again, 'tis so far from despair,
That 'tis merely a great weight of beef.
My second 'tis valued and priz'd
By the place it receiv'd its birth,
'Tis sometimes disdain'd, and despis'd,
As a mere congeallation of earth.
Attraction, all people must own,
Will subdue e'en an adamant heart;
'Tis a charm which my whole has been known
To possess, without succour from art.

II.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?

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